Yellow Warbler’s Songbook
(A poem by Elaine McDermott)

Winter descends.
Once more
I yearn for spring
when the Yellow Warbler
wakes me before sunrise.
He offers a psalm of praise
for the morning dewfall.
From the highest branches
of the willow, his sweet songs
resonate through the marshes.

Winter descends.
Silence shrouds the willows,
woods stand dry as dust,
the ground turns brown.
Only dreams of spring bring me
through cold winter nights,
cradled beneath the covers
of the Yellow Warbler’s songbook.

The Garden--An Ordinary Wednesday

Sunlight spills over the garden
as the couple delights in traces
of dew beneath their feet.
Eve admires opening buds
of lavender bellflower.
They walk past purple crocus
and yellow iris, stop to listen
to the waterfall’s rippling stream
tumble over boulders.
He smiles at Eve’s
cries of joy--the first orchid.
They come to a silver-blue lake
filled with flamingos and swans,
bathe in the cool water,
dry in the sunlight. Wrens
surround them with song.

Hungry after the morning swim,
they gather pears and papayas,
wild berries, and pine nuts.
They approach the tree centered
in the garden; Eve turns to Adam and asks
for the hundredth time, “What do you think
the beautiful red fruit tastes like?”
Adams tries to steer her away, but too late.
She is talking to the snake.

**Reaching for the Moon**

We stand
on the water’s edge,
watch the sun
slip into the Sound,
the day turn into twilight,
twilight into night.

A feeling of sadness
and foreboding
washes over me as the sun
surrenders to the moon’s
silver splendor.

Together in silence,
alone in our thoughts,
we walk. Our steps
move in sync,
arms free swaying
to the rhythm of the waves.

Our hands almost touch,
but I quickly step aside
wary of the whimsical tide
reaching for the moon,
pulling me along
for the ride.

---By Elaine Mc Dermot